The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America

VOLUME SIXTEEN
PART TWO
1922

GEORGE P. WINSHIP
CARL B. RODEN
ANDREW KEOGH
Publication Committee

The Society does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed by contributors of papers

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, London
THE MARUZEN-KABUSHIKI-KAISHA, Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, Fukuoka, Sendai
THE MISSION BOOK COMPANY, Shanghai

COPYRIGHT 1923 BY
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

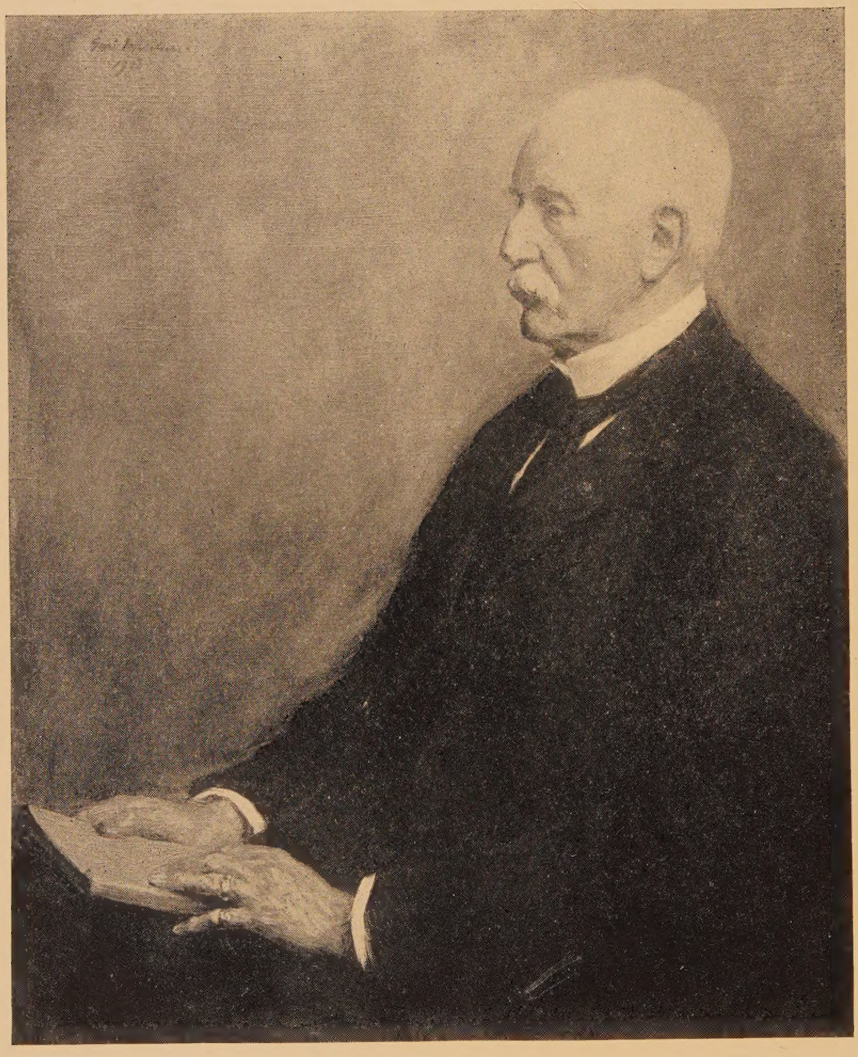
All Rights Reserved

Published July, 1923
325 Copies Printed

Composed and Printed By
The University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/bibliographical-society-of-america-papers_1922_16_part-2



RUSH C. HAWKINS

GENERAL HAWKINS AS HE REVEALED HIMSELF TO HIS LIBRARIAN

BY MARGARET BINGHAM STILLWELL

THIS thumb-nail sketch of General Hawkins requires something of a foreword as it was written, originally, to be put on file at the Annmary Brown Memorial, of which he was the founder, and therefore takes for granted a knowledge of certain facts.

Those who knew Rush Christopher Hawkins personally will remember him erect and vigorous in spite of his eighty odd years, a man of powerful and striking personality, a combination of the rugged qualities of old-time Vermont and of the refined tastes of a dreamer and a man of the world.

He was born at Pomfret, Vermont, on September 14, 1831; his death was caused by being knocked down by an automobile as he was crossing Fifth Avenue, October 25, 1920. His most notable achievements were the service rendered his country in the Civil War as colonel of the "Hawkins Zouaves" (the Ninth New York Volunteers); and in later life, the bringing together of a collection of early printed books—in the field which it covers, now one of the most representative collections of the world.

These priceless books—together with two galleries of paintings by early and modern masters, and various antiquarian treasures—comprise the Annmary Brown Memo-

rial, established at Providence in 1905 and endowed by General Hawkins in memory of his wife. To use the General's own words, "It is first of all a Memorial to a woman of noble character. It is secondarily a collection of art treasures," which have now been left for the pleasure of those who share his appreciation of the beautiful, and for the benefit of those bibliophiles and students of history who may wish to make scholarly use of his collection of early printing.

Engraved upon his tombstone is his own

CREDO

I believe in unconditional honesty,
The power and practice of truth,
The influence of noble aspirations,
And love of the beautiful.

It had long been the General's intention to erect a building in which to house his incunabula and his other collections. It was to have been called the "Gutenberg Memorial" and it was to stand as a lasting tribute to the work of the first printers. Before this plan had been actually undertaken, Mrs. Hawkins died. The General decided, therefore, to make it a personal memorial and he gave to it his wife's maiden name in honor of the Brown family, who had always been so public spirited and so beneficent in Providence affairs. Brown University was named for Annmary Brown's grandfather, and the books collected by her uncle, John Carter Brown, are housed only a block away from her own Memorial.

The General began to attend book auctions as a habit in 1851, his twentieth year, and he acquired his first early printed book four years later. It was the interest developed in the effort to identify this little volume that led to his determination to collect representative books, if possible the first book, issued by each of the first printers. The fact that he kept always to his resolve has made the present collection at the Memorial remarkable within the scope which it covers.

His particular friends among the booksellers were Bernard Quaritch, Albert Cohn, of Berlin, and Anatole Claudin. And the General's "red letter day in early printing" occurred when Claudin took him to see Delisle who had a pavilion at Chantilly opposite the chateau. "As we went along toward the pavilion," he told me, "we saw two men waving their hats. They were Delisle and Mézières. Delisle had found out in some way that I had met Mézières, although I did not know him very well, and he had asked him for the day. So we went up to the chateau—Claudin, Delisle, Mézières and I—and saw all sorts of interesting things and those I had come especially to see. Then we went to the pavilion for lunch."

In fact, the General had bookish friends throughout Europe. For Father Antonio Ceriani, director of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, he felt both affection and admiration. And Henri Hymans, of Brussels, was a special friend, much beloved. It was largely in his memory that the General contributed to the Belgian Relief Fund during the recent war. He was fond also of many of

the English bookmen. Richard Garnett he described as "One of the strongest all-around men I have ever known—just as nice as he could be." Robert Proctor he saw for the last time only a week before the latter met his death, and the General's subsequent visits to the Museum were full of sad memories. From that time on, he began going to see Mr. Pollard, and his affection for him finally became so deep that in 1910 he enticed him to Providence to catalogue for him the early printed books at the Memorial. Of Henry Bradshaw he would often say, "He knew more than anyone about early Irish manuscripts and he was the world's best authority on Chaucer. The last time I saw him we took dinner together. He came out in the rain to the cab to say 'Good-night' and he said to me, 'I can never forget—you are an American, a General, and a collector of early printed books' as if he thought the three were incompatible!"

In the General's case they were not incompatible. He was American to the core—always attacking whatever he believed to be vicious in our public morals, advocating preparedness and, through the Union League Club, influential in originating and putting through the Naturalization Law and the Civil Service Law. Secondly, he was a born fighter—that, surely, no one who knew him would deny. And he was a very earnest student of his cherished books. The majority of the early books at the Memorial have inserted notes bearing the record of his researches, collations, and efforts to study them scientifically and accurately.

It was in the spring of 1909 that I first met General Hawkins. He came hurrying into the John Carter Brown Library: "Is Winship here? My name is Hawkins—General Hawkins." Mr. Winship was at the printer's. Could I do anything? Would he not wait? "No, no, nothing whatever. I wanted Winship. I have no time."

With that he whirled about, but halfway across the room he stopped short. "Hullo, what's this!" he said and he picked up a copy of Mr. Pearson's *Old Librarian's Almanack* which was lying on a table. "Have you read it?" he asked over his shoulder. Yes, I had, and I had found it amusing. "Amusing! It's a regular sell," and drawing out a chair he began reading one rhyme after another, chuckling to himself the while. He told me all about the hoax, how the supposed reprint had taken in everyone, even the *Outlook* having to repudiate its review. "A regular sell!" he repeated, laughing in such a boyish way that I forgot he was the imperious-looking general who had appeared in the doorway half an hour before. "Tell Winship," he said, rising abruptly, "There, I've forgotten what I came for. But no matter." And the thud of the outside door announced that he had gone.

This little incident was typical of the General in every way. It illustrates the quick change of whim which made him the always outstanding figure that he was—commanding at one moment, and demanding; at the next moment quite the reverse, relaxed, sociable, and often full of a racy humor of his own.

He was confessedly "a man of sentiment." He believed in sentiment and would say so again and again. At the same time he was distrustful of human nature, suspicious of persons. He emphatically preferred dogs to most humans. "Shakespeare sent Puck around the world in forty minutes and then said 'What fools these mortals be.' That's true. We are!" he said one day. "I have often thought the Creator made a mistake in not stopping at dogs and horses. The Superior Being is not always so superior." And another day he remarked in his whimsical, half-laughing way of poking fun at the universe, "Some pious persons seem to think that if they sign all the Articles they have a through ticket and good works are unnecessary."

The General liked cheeriness, grace, and above all serenity and gentleness of manner and of disposition. These were the characteristics of Mrs. Hawkins and of her sister Madame Bajnotti. The latter was the more sprightly of the two and Mrs. Hawkins the more serene, yet both shared these traits in common. In his latter years the General never would say "Goodbye." He had said "Goodbye" to Madame Bajnotti in 1890. It proved to be "Goodbye" indeed, and from that time on he withheld the word, sacred to her memory. Whenever he or anyone went away, it was always "Au revoir."

In those men who qualified for the inner circle of his affection, the General had supreme trust. To them his devotion was unswerving. One day some years later, he came hurrying into the New York Public Library and

found a group of us working together in the Rare-Book room. "Where is my good friend Eames?" he called out cheerily. "He does not come until afternoon. He is working on American imprints at home," we answered in chorus. "Well, well. He's a fine old man, Eames, [this of a person perhaps thirty years his own junior], a fine old man. Dry as dust until you know him, one of the great scholars of America, one of the greatest the country has ever produced—and always so simple and true."

That was in 1916. The General had just returned from Providence. Being in talkative mood he sat down to tell us about the Memorial, its trustees in whom he had every confidence, and his own desire to find someone to put in as curator of the Memorial itself.

We did not see him again until fall. Then he began dropping in quite frequently. He always came on rainy days because his eyes were in bad condition and the softened light made the irritation less. It had become known that he was in search of a curator. He was receiving applications and certain influential persons were proffering their friends.

Because I had lived in Providence and knew the Memorial, he seemed to like to run in to discuss his problem with me. He would come bringing a letter or two for me to read; we would talk the matter over together; I would try to help him to come to some conclusion. The General, so it later worked out, had ideas of his own. The discussion of letters and applicants had been one of his pleasant little ways of "detecting." And when one day he came

to the point, I discovered I had been on the witness stand all the while.

When I went to the Memorial the following June, the General came also, for the week end, for the "official inauguration," he said. He came again the first of July and remained in town a month or more going through the entire Memorial in a systematic survey of my new duties, and from that time on, he came as frequently as health permitted. He went through all his papers and letters systematically from beginning to end, that I might understand every detail. A hotter summer was never known. The General seized the thermometer one afternoon and put it on the steps. "I put this in the sun," he said, "because under this skylight we are as good as in the sun ourselves." In a few moments the thermometer registered 124°. (It only stopped there because of limitations of its own.) "There," said the General, "I knew it was a hot day! Let's stop. We've done enough for one day's work."

It was on a day much like this that one of the trustees came at closing time to take the General home. There being still time he asked me to drive with them for a cool-off before dinner. The temperature had been so high and the work so laborious that the General had been grinding his teeth and growling to himself all day long. As we swept over the quiet roads at Nayatt and Rumstick Point his tension began to relax. When we came out into more open fields, he began to hum and presently to sing half under his breath:

If I were an Os-qu-a-rey
In the land of Tim-buk-tou,
I should eat a missionary
Tall silk hat and psalm book too.

This amused us so much that he sang it again, this time louder in a rollicking way much as a sailor would sing, and not a quaver in the bass in spite of his eighty-six years. It took but little imagination to picture him sixty-odd years before when, in his convalescent days at New Orleans after the Mexican War, he had sung in the chorus supporting Jenny Lind—his "red letter day in Bohemia."

Being a military person the General was keen on "instructions." I soon learned that I trod safe ground, at least comparatively safe ground, if I followed instructions implicitly—it was only occasionally that instructions changed without notice. So I always kept a pencil at hand and jotted down whatever directions he gave. Meanwhile, the pencil being at hand, I managed also to jot down word for word many of his reminiscences by the way. By fitting these notes together it is possible to recount much of the story of his life in his own words. There was a rhythm in the way he spoke that makes one even now remember his phrases.

"I never was brought up," he told me one day, "I couldn't stand it. I was independent from the start."

"I began to read when I was about six years old, and my great grandmother used to read to me. She would quote little verses—to keep me from being slothful, lying in bed in the morning. She taught me my alphabet.

By the time I was eleven, I had read all the boy's books *Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights*—all the things boys read. By the time I ran away, I had read all the English poets, perhaps not Chaucer and some of the heavier ones, but all the others. When I began to earn money I began to buy books. I bought my first book, *The Life of Sir William Wallace*, when I was ten years old. That's the first book I ever read. I had read it when I was seven. I liked it so well that later I read *Scottish Chiefs* and that is how I began." Coming upon the Wallace another day he said with a little chuckle, "There's the book that gave me all those *noble* ideals which have made me make a fool of myself ever since."

The General's bookish interests were a natural inheritance. The great-grandmother who took so active a part in his training had received her education at the hand of her father, Aaron Hutchinson, a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1747. So, genealogically speaking, Yale may claim sponsorship for the Annmary Brown Memorial and intellectually as well, for the connection between Rush Hawkins and this worthy ancestor was very close. The Reverend Aaron was one of the learned men of his day, his attainments winning him second degrees from Yale and Harvard, and honorary titles from Dartmouth and Princeton. At least four of his children, all of whom had received the best education which the times afforded, lived until Rush Hawkins had himself reached youth or manhood. The library at the home of Judge Titus Hutchinson, the great uncle with whom his mother made

her home after her husband's early death, was the mecca for all the scholarly folk for miles around.

Other forces as well had a part in shaping Rush Hawkins' career. His great-grandmother, born in 1759, would tell him of Indian and Colonial affairs within her memory. Grandfather Dexter Hawkins had served throughout the Revolution. The old house at the "crotch of the roads" was the Saturday and Sunday halting-place for the old soldiers of Pomfret and several of the nearby towns. There was an "Uncle Daniel," a veteran of Lexington and Bunker Hill, who, with his cane, would show how to load and aim a gun. There was another local hero, a veteran of 1812, a captain who "put on style. He wore buttons, you know, and he walked like this—I used to practice by the hour," and the General as he told it threw out his chest and took several most Napoleonic strides across the room.

When the Mexican War broke out, the combination of events was too much for the would-be warrior. He left home at fifteen to enlist. "When I ran away," he said, "I went straight to Boston. My idea was to enlist as a drummer boy. There were four of us boys at Woodstock (near Pomfret) who agreed to run away, one night. But the others backed down. So later I went alone—and in broad daylight, mind you. I took the stage to Boston and I went straight to the Recruiting Station. It was in September, 1846, the time of all the Mexican troubles. And I was full of the war. I told them I was eighteen, that I had my parents' consent, and I gave my mother's

name because you see I did not want to be traced. It was all a transparent lie and they knew it. They told me to go home and grow up!"

The first part of this advice was not taken. Instead, the young adventurer borrowed some clothes from a chance acquaintance (his own not being considered elaborate enough for the occasion), and had his picture taken. This he sent to his mother, and the daguerrotype showing him in all his "borrowed finery" is now at the Memorial. "Then I went to my mother's brother who lived in Boston and who took me in and gave me work."

"Somehow," he continued, "I managed to grow half a head, so when I went back to the Recruiting Office they believed me. It was a lie. I was still under age. But I had a worthy object to attain. I went to camp at Carlisle and stayed there about a month. They put me in the Second Dragoons, being a good horseman. When we were mustered in we went down to the Rio Grande. I was in the army nine months. Then I was taken sick, very sick. I went to New Orleans and I was sick there. I stayed from Christmas, 1848, to the Fourth of July, 1851. It was my Red-Letter Day in Bohemia! I studied singing and music, I sang in the chorus supporting Jenny Lind and had one grand good time."

As there are some letters at the Memorial relating to this early period, I asked about the musical company mentioned in them. "The musical company? Oh yes, we were a group of young men, the 'Wandering Musicians' we called ourselves. We played and we sang—

I could sing and I had studied the 'cello—and we *wandered!* We had a fine time, too, so I thought, and during those years I grew up. When I returned to Vermont in 1851 my own mother did not know me. There was a great family council. What should be done with me? I had been floating around so long, dangling between heaven and earth without getting anywhere. What should be done with me?

"A relative in New York thought he could make a merchant out of me. So I went down there and he placed me at a dry goods merchant's, Granger and Comfort. And I stayed there just three weeks! [He chuckled in remembrance.] A young man came along, a drummer selling goods. Such airs you never saw! He wore fine clothes. He wanted to be somebody and he thought the clothes would help. If a merchant wanted to buy five yards he would unroll twenty with a flourish, cut off the five and then motion us boys to roll up the remainder while he stood by in regal splendor. I stood that as long as I could. Then one day I just doubled up my fist and punched him. And I punched his nose! Then I put on my hat and went away. Some days after that I went back to see Mr. Granger and I told him I didn't think I was made to be a merchant. 'No,' he said with a smile, 'I don't think you were. I saw that from the start.'

"Then I began to study law. About 1853 I got into the office of Daniel Bowley, maritime lawyer and attorney for the last slaver in the country. Mr. Bowley went away to Virginia and left me in charge of a case. I was green,

absolutely green. I didn't know a thing. But I knew how to read. So I got down all the law books and felt my way along from day to day. And when Mr. Bowley came back all was well and the case was won.

"I had a great uncle up at Woodstock, the leading abolitionist of the community. He wrote me a letter of introduction to Horace Greeley. The latter said to me 'There is no room for you here. New York is overcrowded. Go West, young man.' And I went West. I went to Chicago and by the end of the second day I hated it, simply hated it.

"In those days, if a business house in New York failed, none of the Western merchants would pay a cent. The West was full of scallywags, all the rough scuff of the East. They wouldn't pay a debt if they could help it.

"While I was in Chicago the largest New York house next to A. T. Stewart failed. A friend of mine had had charge of all their Western trade, so he set out to see what he could do. He came to Chicago and I saw him. I simply hated that place and I told him so. 'Come along with me,' he said. 'I need a lawyer.' I knew about as much about law as that table but I knew a law book when I saw it. So I jumped at the chance and we went down to St. Louis. There was a Vermonter there, Asa Jones, and I got into his office. The debtors were everywhere all through the Middle West—Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, Southern Iowa, Illinois. I traveled all around. It would make such a good story I ought to write it down. It was so comic—the things I did and the things that happened.

"For instance, I was down in a little town in Missouri one night. The people were having a junket. The only room I could have was right off the dance hall. Everybody came and the women brought their babies! They used my room for coats—it was the *antechamber* to the ballroom you see. One woman put a very young baby in my bed.

"I was dead tired that night and wanted to go to bed myself. I stood it as long as I could but it seemed as if there were never going to be an end to that ball. So finally I undressed and went and got in, too. After a while the dance did end and they all came trooping in for their hats and coats, and the woman came for her baby. 'Oh,' she screamed, 'There's a man in bed.' And sure enough, there I was. . . . .

"It took about two years to settle up that business and it was a success. That was where I earned my first real money. Then I went back to New York, to my cousin who was a lawyer in the United States Court, largely maritime business, and stayed with him until the War broke out."

The young cousin was well introduced, and because of his own personality he was evidently well received in New York society. The letters and notes and menus packed away among the General's personal effects at the Memorial show this to have been a period of much gaiety. It was during this period that he met Miss Annmary Brown, the elder daughter of the Hon. Nicholas Brown of Providence. They met the latter part

of August, 1858, and, to use the General's own words, "By the seventeenth of September the only faltering mind had yielded to the pleadings of the other and the engagement for life was solemnly and affectionately pledged. To me she appeared a spiritual being of rare refinement, naturalness, and unaffected simplicity. Her voice was variable, always musical in its tones; her mobile features were radiant with rare intelligence; and in her person she showed all of those charms of grace and beauty that the most exacting and cultured taste could demand."

There is a little story connected with Annmary's name which may be worth the telling. Her grandmother, Ann Carter Brown, once gave to her cousin Mary Bowen Stelle a set of Lowestoft china. In her twenty-ninth year Ann Brown died and in the course of a few years her husband married her cousin, thus regaining the china. It was in memory of these two grandmothers, the real and the step-grandmother, that Mrs. Hawkins was given her quaintly compounded name, Annmary, written as one word and pronounced by the family—Annm'ry.

The wedding of Annmary Brown and Rush Hawkins took place at Choppequonsett, the Brown country home, in June, 1860. In July the "Hawkins Zouaves" formed as a company with its namesake as its leading spirit; and, before the first year of married life had passed, Civil War had broken out and the Zouaves had been mustered into service. On the day of Lincoln's proclamation they had held a meeting and their leader started that night for Albany. The story is that he appeared at the governor's

office so early the next morning that he was the first New York citizen to offer himself or a company to the Union. It was decided to make the company, which had been privately drilling for some months, the nucleus of a regiment, and the leader was appointed colonel. A poster calling for volunteers was issued. Before the end of the third day, 3,000 recruits had volunteered for the Ninth New York Volunteers, as the Hawkins Zouaves were officially listed. From these, about 800 men were to be selected. The regiment, therefore, was made up of picked men, fitted in every particular for effective service.

Not content with fighting out the war with his troops, on the Carolina coast, at South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Suffolk, etc., Colonel Hawkins organized also a North Carolina Union Regiment and waged several petty wars of his own. Perhaps the most vital service which he rendered his country was his attack upon his commander-in-chief, McClellan, though at the time naturally enough the young colonel gained small thanks for his pains. As he explained it, "I was absolutely full of hatred for McClellan, his incompetence and his pomp, and I was very firm in my denunciation of the man. I went for him without gloves."

The General wrote a very circumstantial account of the personal campaigns in a notebook many years ago. One day he asked me to read it aloud, and I read it from cover to cover. The General listened tense and alert, his face a reflection of all his old-time dash and fire. "There!" he said when it was finished, "I have not read that for

forty years and I never heard it read aloud before. It was written when I was young, hot headed, and it does seem to have some go! But it is history. And every word of it is true."

Twice Colonel Hawkins went to Lincoln and once after the war he met the President. It was his delight to tell of these meetings, especially of the occasion when Lincoln invited him to come back at seven for toast and tea, that they might talk matters over. In the hours before the appointment, wrote the Colonel "I had but one feeling and that was to have the war ended as soon as possible, so that the great load might be lifted from the shoulders of the man whom in a few minutes I had learned to love and respect as I had never loved and respected before. 'Dear old Uncle Abe' was a revelation to me, so sadly quaint, so melancholy, so simple in his manners, humane, sympathetic, and generally so different from anyone I had ever known. The great impression was made. I would willingly have given up my life to have served him."

At the appointed hour, Colonel Hawkins returned and over the toast and tea told of an undesirable officer placed in his regiment by Governor Morgan of New York without his consent as commanding officer, for the resistance of which act he himself had been arrested. Lincoln settled the dispute with these words: "You are clearly in the right and I sympathize with you in your desire for a clean reputation."

The young colonel had been sent by General Wool to Washington, in November, 1861, to learn the intention of

the government as to the retention of Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina, then in the hands of Union forces. While waiting some ten days in Washington, he discovered that the Army of the Potomac was, as he said, "Very efficient in the execution of reviews and of dress parades but was not making any impression upon the enemy's lines, its commander seeming so well satisfied with playing soldier, that it seemed doubtful if he ever intended to move against the rebels." Convinced of the lack of earnestness on the part of General McClellan, Colonel Hawkins (aged thirty) set to work to bring about his removal. He urged the necessity of it upon members of the Cabinet, and of the Senate and the House—but all to no purpose. Among the army officers, none would listen save only General Wadsworth and, later, General Wool, from whom he finally secured a letter addressed to Erastus Corning, a member of Congress, with the writer's permission that the letter might be shown to Lincoln.

Thus fortified Colonel Hawkins returned to Washington. When Lincoln had read the letter he remarked, "General Wool knows more about these matters than we do. It has seemed to me that McClellan ought to do something. I wish you would see him and talk to him as you have to me. Report the result to me," and Lincoln wrote him a card of introduction to McClellan.

The result was that McClellan refused him admittance, in spite of the card. "Can nothing be done?" the Colonel asked when he reported his defeat to Lincoln. "I think not," said Lincoln. "I have placed General McClellan

at the head of the army and must rely upon him to put down this terrible rebellion by giving him the unqualified support of the government." To which came the query: "Mr. President, your position precludes all enquiry into the capacity of a General who has never fought a battle?" "I suppose so, for the present at any rate," and then Lincoln added kindly to his insubordinate subordinate, "If all the officers in the army had your spirit this rebellion would not last six weeks."

The young colonel's campaign against McClellan practically ended here. It was not forgotten, however. In May, 1864, when he saw Lincoln again, someone started to introduce him but Lincoln said, "We don't need an introduction. This is the colonel who in the Fall of 1861 tried to induce me to remove McClellan from command of the Army. At one time I thought I should have to arrest him for a traitorous conspiracy." And after a pause he said to Colonel Hawkins, "Poor George, you knew him better than any of us. I did all I could for him, but he could do nothing for himself."

Someone asked Secretary of War Stanton why it was that Colonel Hawkins was mustered out without being promoted, and the answer was: "I remember him very well. He had the faculty of discovering fools and traitors in advance of the rest of us and was not discreet enough to keep his discoveries to himself." The promotion, however, came in 1866 when by brevet Colonel Hawkins was raised to the rank of brigadier general.

Those who knew him only in later years called him always the "General," but any old-timer who addressed him as "Colonel" gave him real pleasure. And if he were showing a guest through the Memorial he would point to a copy of the Brady-Story portrait of Lincoln hanging in the study, with the words: "A grand old man. That looks just like him, the best portrait of him that exists. He looked just that way the day he invited me to toast and tea."

His autographs of Lincoln were among the most treasured in his collection, particularly the one reading: "Gen. McClellan, please see Col. Hawkins who comes from Gen. Wool. A. Lincoln."

It was a joy to go through his volumes of letters with the General. He would tell all sorts of stories and make running comments on everything he touched. One day we found a photograph of Brigham Young among his mementos. I asked why he had preserved it. "I think any one who could manage forty wives at once was a pretty big man, don't you?" Another time we came upon the picture again and the General exclaimed, "Oh, here's your friend, Bigamy Young!" (As a matter of fact the picture had been sent him by one of the Zouaves who had visited Salt Lake City, and the General had kept it because he was pleased by the man's remembrance.)

He liked to call to mind the turbulent days when he was American Art Commissioner at the Paris Exposition in 1889, and the various artists with whom he became

acquainted at that time. He would sometimes run through the letters of those whose works had to be refused, each of whom had hoped that his works of art might be accepted. "Poor devils," he would say, "I did feel so sorry for many of them—but what could we do?" And in regard to Whistler and the unpleasantness so carefully recorded in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, he remarked offhand, "Whistler just cooked up all that row with me, for publicity."

The General liked best of all to review his book-collecting days and to call to mind the persons he had known in a bookish way. "When I set out to buy my first Gering imprint," he told me, "I went into a bookseller's shop in Paris. We went into a little back room for a chat. I asked him about the possibility of getting a Gering. 'Very difficult,' the bookseller said, and he would not know where to go to look for one. They were scarce even at that time. And while we were talking a French collector came in, charming man; I can't recall his name, but we talked all the afternoon. I asked him. And he said the same. Yet I persevered and you see I have the important ones. I aimed to get the milestones of his career, for he was at work the longest of any of the early printers, and these books show changes in his types and style. It took me years, lots of them, and money too—but I think it was worth it."

He liked two classes of persons: the very highest type of society, truly cultured and therefore most truly simple; and secondly, simple-hearted country folk who, though

perhaps of restricted outlook and untraveled, preserved the sturdy traits characteristic of his own New England forebears.

In fact he liked simplicity in all things, from folks to architecture. In giving his directions for the erection of the Memorial he stipulated that every line should meet every other at right angles, no curves, no ornaments, no rosettes. The cornice on the central portion of the John Carter Brown Library building disturbed him greatly. "If there is anything in spiritualism," he said one day as we crossed the campus together, "and I ever come back to earth in some disembodied form I shall get a chisel and climb up there and knock that gingerbread work all off. The newspapers will say the Germans did it, but you will know who is responsible." And he chuckled gleefully.

The General hated dogma. He refused to accept the belief in immortality because he found "no proof," and this lack of faith he would lament, as if he were without the consolation granted other men. His own break with dogma and his scrutiny of biblical fact and fiction had originally been so far in advance of his contemporaries that he never seemed to realize that the churchmen of the present day had in any sense caught up with his own liberal interpretations.

He had an unfortunate horror of being cheated and in that respect was always on the defensive. But he could sometimes laugh even when the joke was on himself and involved a loss of pence. I remember one incident in

particular. He had ordered 150 sheets of heavy manila foolscap to be used as inventory sheets, each to be punched with two holes at the top that they might be bound together as desired. The paper arrived. Then came 300 large metal rings made like keyrings. We had use for hardly more then 20. Not knowing whether the surplus was due to his mistake or to the packer's, I meditated. Then I wrote him of the arrival of 150 inventory sheets, two holes each, and 300 metal rings—was this as he had ordered? By return mail came a card:

> Three hundred rings means one hundred and fifty sheets of two holes each. This is according to our understanding I believe and correct. Am I right? R. C. H.

This was followed the next day by a note:

> My dear Miss Stillwell,
>
> This morning at 2 o'clock came to me a vision of the rings—300 for 150 sheets! We must have a cabinet made for this exhibition to be placed in an especially prepared room, with explanation in large letters.
>
> After, in due order, must come an application to a court for the appointment of a guardian. I see no other course.
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> Rush C. Hawkins

And the next time he came to Providence he said apropos of our noble supply of rings, "It was 2:00 A.M. when the idea struck. I laughed so hard I sat right up in bed and shook. Exhibit A—300 holes, 300 rings!"

His desire frequently was not unlike that of Diogenes, and the "search" caused him, I think, much real anguish

of spirit. He was born he would say, "without hope, faith, or fear." No wonder then that he had moments of gloom.

Some inexorable Fate must have bound him to the state for which he professed dislike. Rhode Island he thought little better than a den of thieves. Yet his Hawkins grandfather, his own wife, her cousin John Nicholas Brown, whom he considered a most lovable man, and the trustees and the curator to whom he finally entrusted his treasures were all of Rhode Island origin. In all these persons he had implicit trust, to a degree almost pathetic.

"When I go," he said one day, "I will leave you surrounded by gentlemen and I expect that they will elect their own kind. But some day someone may come along who wants your position and may try to get it. So be careful. Surround yourself by an impenetrable wall. Don't leave any loopholes. Do what is right and you can fight the Devil—or any one else! . . . . I want no additions to be made. The collections are to remain just as they are. The only thing that is free to grow is the mind of the curator! When you have finished the special work I've mapped out, in five or ten years I should say—and if you find time while doing the needful here—then you are free for your writing. I want your position to be like an endowed chair, for study, writing, bibliography, research, whatever in the opinion of the trustees does not interfere with the duties incident and essential to the care of the building and its collections. . . . . In all my visits to the Memorial I have never heard loud voices nor boister-

ous laughter. I want it kept just that way—quiet, serene, and beautiful. It is first of all a memorial to a woman of noble character. It is secondarily a collection of art treasures. Let absolute integrity and honor be your watchwords. These are my last words to you." There was a pause. Then he added with a delightful little chuckle, "If you don't do as you should and it is a possible thing, I'll come back and make you." He was destined to come several times before his death, but he never repeated his charge. That matter he considered settled and for all time.

"Among the finest persons I have ever known," he remarked another time, "were my wife and John Nicholas Brown, both so modest and kind. I remember one stormy Sunday in winter. John and I were out for a walk and we went into Butler Hospital. There were about thirty men in a room only twice as large as this. They were not insane, melancholics, each with his grievance but all right on every other topic. Some were playing checkers or chess, reading, talking, and the air was so blue with smoke you could cut it. After we came out the boy said, 'General Hawkins, don't you think it a shame that those men have to live like that?'

"At other times we would go into the old Providence library, to see Foster, you know. The library was in an old mercantile building, dark, dirty, stuffy, everything a library should not be. And when we came away John would say to me, 'Don't you think it a shame'—that was a great phrase of his as a boy—'Don't you think it a shame

that a fine man like Mr. Foster has to work in a place like that?' And I would say, 'Yes, John, I think it is.'

"It was about the year 1897 when he was in Cannes that he wrote to the trustees of the Library, a very simple letter it was, saying that if they would erect a building he would bear the expense and he sent them checks for more than two hundred thousand dollars."

To the institutions in whose work the General was interested he himself gave liberal support. The General had a very humane side to his nature, especially in his love and compassion for four-footed animals. His book on his animal friends, which bears the laconic title *Better than Men*, is most fascinating reading. In it he tells of the various dogs who had been his comrades since his boyhood days in Vermont; of an alligator whom he for a while deprived of its "bathing accommodations"; of the intelligent crow who lived in the library at Toddington Manor, England, where he used so often to visit. The General had very decided ideas about diet. He would eat game, but not meat, and he one time startled a hostess who offered him meat by the query, "Madam, do you think I would eat my brother?"

In his later years he became strongly addicted to rice pudding. He even advocated it strongly and used to tell me at intervals that it was all I needed "for maintenance and enjoyment. Rice pudding—and just a little milk, three times a day." And rice pudding obviously had an excellent effect upon his constitution. Up to the time of his last visit to the Memorial, two weeks before his death,

the portrait by Gari Melchers was, as always, an excellent likeness. Sometimes if the General were a trifle tired he would stoop a bit, or if he were quite fatigued his color would not be so good. But ordinarily he was quite as erect and rosy as the portrait represents. "I have felt like that a hundred times," he would say, "when I have sat with an old book in my hand trying to think out its identity." Instead of flattering the General's age, the portrait if anything lacks a little in virility, for in moments of pleasure or excitement his old-time dash would come back in force.

Mr. Dilnot in his *New America* speaks of the General as a person who conveyed something of himself in his looks—"spare and gaunt, with a long face, a fighter's jaw, a delicate uprearing forehead, with a glint of humor in eyes and mouth, and the eagle nose of the man contemptuous of fear or favor." In bearing, Mr. Dilnot likened him to the Duke of Wellington, the "Iron Duke" as he was called. All of which is quite true. Many persons even found him to be ironclad throughout. Mr. Pollard, on the other hand, has likened him in some respects to Walter Savage Landor. To still others he seemed at heart not so unlike a little boy, and a lovable one at that.

The present sketch of the General was originally written at the request of the Memorial's Trustees. It is also, in a sense, a commission from the General himself. "If you ever write anything about me after I am gone," he would say, "tell the truth! Paint me as I am, without flattery, without malice. Don't write a string of dates!

I don't want a list of the things I did—with the emphasis on the '*when*' I did them. Paint me as I am."

That is what I have tried to do, to paint him as I saw him. The fact that many of these incidents have a humorous turn does not mean that they are told in flippant spirit. They are told because they are so like the General; because it is little stories such as these that his friends and acquaintances now cherish in memory of a grand old man —who in his ninetieth year met life, and then death, undaunted.

A SELECTED LIST OF THE WRITINGS OF RUSH C. HAWKINS

c. 1865

A Mission to President Lincoln.

Not published. 4to. 25 p. In manuscript, at the AmB Memorial.

A first-hand account of Col. Hawkins' efforts to secure the removal of General McClellan from command of the Army, in 1861.

Inserted, the note of introduction written by Lincoln to McClellan; also the letter written by General Wool to the Hon. Erastus Corning at Col. Hawkins' instigation—a "lost" letter, stolen from Mrs. Hawkins' custody in 1863 and advertised in a bookseller's catalogue, March 18, 1901.

c. 1867

The United States in account with the Rebellion. [New York, c. 1867.]

8vo. 4 p.

Listing war costs and denouncing President Johnson's policy.

100,000 copies printed and circulated by the Union League Club of New York City.

1876

A Report read by Col. Rush C. Hawkins before the Union League Club the evening of February 10, 1876, relating to the cause of the increase of the city debt. . . . . New York: John Polhemus, 1876.

8vo. 28 p.

An exposé of the "Tweed gang," said to be the fullest account of the Tweed ring swindles written.

c. 1880

A Few Facts in later American history. [New York, c. 1880.]

8vo. 8 ll.

A review of a Report of the United States Secretary of the Treasury, supplementing "The United States in account with the Rebellion."

1884

Early coast operations in North Carolina. By Rush C. Hawkins, Brevet Brigadier-General, U.S.V.
In: Battles and leaders of the Civil War. New York: The Century Company, 1884, 1888. vol. 1.

Titles of the first books from the earliest presses established . . . . in Europe, before the end of the fifteenth century. . . . . By Rush C. Hawkins. New York: J. W. Bouton; London: B. Quaritch, 1884.
fo. 5 p.l., [xi]–xxix p., 1 l., 143 p., 1 l., incl. front.
300 copies printed.
An early example of Bradshaw's method, and a forerunner of the chronological arrangement of incunabula by countries and towns.

1885

John W. Phelps.
In: Association of Graduates of the United States Military Academy. Annual reunion, June 12, 1885. East Saginaw, 1885.
Signed, p. 84: Rush C. Hawkins. Followed by a reprint of a eulogy by R. C. H. from the *New York Times*, Feb. 4, 1885.
A biographical sketch of Brigadier-General John Wolcott Phelps, a "Vermonter."

1886

Horrors in architecture and so-called works of art in bronze in the City of New York. By an admirer of art whose name is of no consequence to the reader. . . . . New York [: A. B. Turnure], 1886.
4to. 1 p. l., 20 p.
250 copies printed and privately circulated.
A criticism as pungent as its title-page suggests.

Letter, addressed to Hon. Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, November 24, 1884.
In: U.S. Sec. of Treas. Report . . . . on the revision of the tariff, with accompanying documents. . . . . Washington, 1886.
Signed, p. 470: Rush C. Hawkins.
On the "protection" not needed by works of art.

1887

Destruction of art in America.

In: The North American Review. April, 1887.

Advocating pure air and moderate temperature versus furnace heat, illuminating gas, and damp-producing plants.

1888

A Biographical sketch of the Rev. Aaron Hutchinson, A.M., of Pomfret, Vermont. By Rush C. Hawkins. New York [:Gilliss Brothers & Turnure Art Age Press], 1888.

4to. 35 p.

AmBM copy in full morocco, interleaved.

Relating to the author's great, great grandfather; and containing a list of eight sermons published by Aaron Hutchinson—among them his "Well-tempered self-love . . . . preached at Windsor, July 2, 1774," printed at Dresden by Judah Paddock & Alden Spooner—the much-debated and deposed "first Vermont imprint."

Why Burnside did not renew the attack at Fredericksburg. By Rush C. Hawkins, Brevet Brigadier-General, U.S.V. In: Battles and leaders of the Civil War. New York: The Century Company, 1884, 1888. vol. 3.

Also printed in: The *Century Magazine*. August, 1886. Signed: Rush C. Hawkins.

An account of Colonel Hawkins' protest.

1891

Brutality and avarice triumphant.

In: The North American Review. June, 1891.

An attack upon army shoes, sham-building, stock-watering, land stealing, and "star route thieves" in general.

Signed: Rush C. Hawkins.

Answered in the same issue by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll under title: Is avarice triumphant?

Reprinted in: Our political degradation. New York, 1904.

Report on the fine arts. By Rush C. Hawkins. (Washington, 1891. H. of R. H.Ex. 410–2–1.)

8vo. 111 p.

Official report as United States Commissioner at the Paris Universal Exposition, 1889.

In reality, a spirited critique of contemporary art.

Reviewed in the *Collector*, January, 1893, under title: "Commissioner Hawkins on modern art."

1893

The American hotel of to-day.

In: The North American Review. August, 1893.

Two essays, in which General Hawkins noted the "defects" of the system, and William J. Fanning the comforts.

A Tribute to the memory of Carrie Matilde Bajnotti. . . . . New York [:DeVinne press], 1893.

fo. 26 ll., illus.

15 copies printed.

AmBM copy in full morocco, interleaved, with letters inserted.

In memory of Mrs. Hawkins' younger sister.

1894

The late President Carnot.

In: The North American Review. August, 1894.

Signed: Rush C. Hawkins.

In praise of the purity and simplicity of the French president's political and private life.

1896

Better than men. By Rush C. Hawkins. New York: J. W. Bouton, 1896.

sm. 4to. 5 p.l., 206 p., 1 l., front.

A series of charming stories tending to prove that in animals certain virtues are inherent. Reviewed as ranking in kindliness of spirit with *Rab and His Friends*.

Two copies specially bound, in full morocco, for presentation to Mrs. Hawkins—one by the author and the other by the publisher, the latter copy extra-illustrated in water color—are in the Memorial.

Three stories were reprinted by President Eliot in: *Junior Classics*. Wm. Patten, ed. N.Y., 1912. vol. 8.

1897

An Account of the assassination of loyal citizens of North Carolina for having served in the Union Army, which took place at Kingston in . . . . February and March 1864. By Rush C. Hawkins. New York, 1897.

4to. 1, 46 p.

"Holding myself, though unwittingly, responsible for placing these murdered victims in a position which caused them to be assassinated

. . . . my grief and chagrin knew no bounds. . . . . Under the full glow of feverish heat, this narrative was written; and now, thirty years and more since it was penned, I am not disposed to change a single word. . . . ."—Introduction.

1898

Rush Christopher Hawkins

In: Contributions toward a dictionary of English book-collectors as also of some foreign collectors. . . . . London: B. Quaritch, 1898. Part XI.

An autobiographical sketch giving an account of his early collections of English dramatic poets, Americana, "Rebellion books," Popery, Hawkinsiana—and, finally, early printing and wood engravings.

1902

Some late statements about early printing.

By Rush C. Hawkins.

In: The Bibliographer. February, 1902.

1903

The Daye press and the Hutchinson sermon. By Rush C. Hawkins.

In: The Literary Collector. December, 1903.

Regarding the sermon written by his great, great grandfather and the three questions: "Were the two Spooners the first printers in Vermont? Did they use the Daye press? Was the Hutchinson sermon their first book?"

A Tribute to the memory of Annmary Brown Hawkins. By her husband. New York [:DeVinne press], 1903.

fo. 64 p., illus.

Privately printed.

AmBM copy in full morocco, interleaved, with letters inserted.

At the end:

"The flowers whose perfume scent the air,
Though silent, speak of thy sweetness.
The stars that illumine the night
Tell the story of thy purity;
And all else that's fair in nature
Voices the beauty of thy blameless life."

1904

The coming of the Russian ships in 1863. By General Rush C. Hawkins.
In: The North American Review. April, 1904.

Corlears Hook in 1820; the Wagnerian cult; and Our manners. By Rush C. Hawkins. New York: J. W. Bouton, 1904.
8vo. 90 p.

Three essays, "dedicated to and published for the select few who love unconditional honesty, hate shams, and have the courage of their convictions."

Comprising an account of the "reputable period in New York's history"; an essay on music versus "apostles of disorder"; and an inquiry into the origin, adoption, and present signification of the word "manners"—since "the power of the million must stop somewhere."

The Daye press. (Second paper.) To be read in connection with the first in the December, 1903, number. By Rush C. Hawkins.
In: The Literary Collector. March, 1904.

Our political degradation. Being several short essays setting forth certain facts which every thoughtful citizen of the United States should know. Bv Rush C. Hawkins, M.A., LL.D., Brevet Brigadier-General U.S.V. and an officer of the Legion of Honor of France. New York: The Grafton press [,1904].
8vo. 3 p.l., 289 p.

Relating to Tammany, bosses, railroad wrecking, great knaves and little thieves, immigration, Indian land grants, etc.

In AmBM copy, this note: "This copy is number one and possibly I ought to regret that it is not the only one. . . . .—R. C. H."

1905

The Why of rural free delivery. By General Rush C. Hawkins.
In: The North American Review. December, 1905.

1909

Eczema: A brief account of being over-done. [Woodstock, Vt.: The Elm Tree press, 1909.]

8vo. 27 p.

Privately printed. Signed at end: R. C. H.

In which the "Victim" in Exhibits A–O describes his experiences with certain "professional knaves"; and in Exhibit P, the cure effected by a man worthy of his profession.

1910

About the collecting.

In: Pollard, A. W. Catalogue of books . . . . from the presses of the first printers . . . . deposited in the Annmary Brown Memorial at Providence. . . . . Oxford: University Press, 1910.

Signed and dated: R. C. H. 1909.

Telling the story of the collecting, from the purchase of the first title in 1855.

1912

Scraps saved from the waste basket of Rush C. Hawkins. New York [The Irving press], 1912.

8vo. 46 ll.

Privately printed. A compilation of stray thoughts—witty, wise, and contemplative.

"There's no telling after dwelling
In the world
What our troubles are about.
There's a doubt.
But of one thing we are sure.
There's no cure.
For most of the devilish ills,
There's no pills.
So let us bear them as we can,
Like a man.
If we complain it's all in vain,
So refrain.
Or if we swear at fate unkind,
Who will mind?
Not a kangaroo, cat or pig—
Will care a fig."

1913

Introduction.

In: Annmary Brown Memorial. Paintings in oil & water colours by early & modern painters, collected by Rush C. Hawkins, catalogued by C. H. Collins Baker. . . . . London: Medici Society Ltd., 1913.

Signed: R. C. H.

"It may be said of painting that it is the music of the silent arts, depending for its expression upon colour-tones that fascinate the vision. . . . ."

(The same.) Second edition revised with notes. London: Medici Society Ltd., 1913.

1916

Shakespeare April 23, 1564–1616 An appreciation. By Rush C. Hawkins. [New York, 1916.]

sm. 4to. 4 ll.

A privately printed brochure.

1917

The Present. A Concept of life—its beliefs and duties. [New York: Gilbert T. Washburn & Co.] 1917.

sm. 4to. 8 ll.

A privately printed brochure.

Signed and dated at the end: Rush C. Hawkins. June, 1917.

"To men the puzzle of the world will never be revealed. The all-powerful illimitable creative force that directs its course and that of numberless others is a jealous authority, holding this secret of the ages under single control. Men may surmise, guess, believe, have faith and hope, but to no purpose. The little we may be permitted to understand about this boundless power, and its creations, can come to us only through contemplation and study of its works—our world as we see, love, and learn to appreciate its intimate benevolence and never-ending enchanting beauties."

1867–1918

Newspaper contributions, etc.

Frequent contributions to the *New York Times.*

Occasional contributions to the *New York Herald*, the *Evening Mail; American Art News;* the *Critic;* the *Sunday Globe*, Utica; *Augusta*

Chronicle, Augusta, Georgia; *Vermont Standard*, Woodstock; S.P.C.A. publications; *Our Annual Friends;* etc.

On subjects relating to the Civil War; the Whistler episode at the Paris Exposition; political abuses in the United States; civic affairs in New York City; wood engraving; early printing; archaeology; works of art, so-called and real; anti-vivisection; the world-war; etc.

Found with a bundle of clippings, is this note: "It is probably true that I did not accomplish very much in the directions where I was most interested. But, all the same, I had the luxury of hating the quantities and qualities—political, social, and theological—which I detested and the courage to express aloud what others feared to whisper. Of course I paid the penalty for exercising the right of free speech—non-intercourse with cowards and the condemnation of knaves. But without their approval have managed to survive to my seventy-eighth year in fairly good condition.—R. C. H. May 25, 1909."

THE PRINTING OF BIBLIOGRAPHIES

BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

I APPROACH this subject not as a bibliographer, but as one who, having been initiated into the art and mystery of the printer's calling, looks with a sympathetic eye on the meticulous tasks of the bibliographer. To the latter as well as to the printer, the omission of quotation marks at the close of a quotation, the failure to indent a paragraph at the proper point, serve to expose ignorance and incapacity, although these same careless slips are tolerated every day by authors in the preparation of manuscripts for the press. And the intimate relationship between the bibliographer and the printer goes even farther than this. In the preparation of a bibliography the problem which confronts both the author and the printer is primarily the production of a thoroughly useful and usable handbook. Here if anywhere the arrangement of the text should be clear and logical, and the typesetting should be governed by a wise and sensible plan. Such a union of purposes is too seldom understood or accomplished, however, as even a casual glance at printed bibliographies will reveal.

The bibliographies on our library shelves show a most amazing variation in size, a disregard of all convenience in the matter of untrimmed edges, and a very considerable ignorance of the better type forms and of how to use

them. I am inclined to believe that these unhappy results are the consequence of a half-knowledge of type and printing on the part of the bibliographer and a great deal more ignorance of bibliography on the part of the printer. The latter is far too often content to let the customer decide points of practice and procedure which are properly within the printer's province. For while the ideal bibliography must first of all give the information which its users will demand, and in the sequence which they will expect, it is no less essential that it be attractive as a piece of printing.

To get a bibliography or any similarly complicated work through the press to a happy issue, it is necessary to have the author and the printer work in thorough accord, each contributing his specialized skill and experience to the work. It will be convenient to examine first the author's responsibility, and I want to say a few plain words as to the physical appearance of the manuscript which forms the basis for the printer's task. The manuscript should leave the author's hands in impeccable condition. It should be written on sheets of paper—not cards—not less than 8×5 inches in size, and preferably of the weight known as "substance # 20," and white in color. It should be typed on one of the so-called standard typewriters, as the temptation to the use of various sizes and styles of type where a type-wheel machine is used is usually irresistible, but is no help to the compositor. It is of greater convenience to him to have the typist observe and carefully adhere to certain very definite indentions;

and as a guide to the typist it is always desirable, if possible, to have a specimen page set in type, altered and changed until the form is acceptable to both the author and the printer.

This specimen printed page, or at least a typed page worked out with equal care, will serve also another most desirable end. The more carefully a manuscript is prepared before it goes to the printer, the less need there will be for changes in the proofs, and less likelihood for a dispute over the cost of author's alterations. Such alterations might well be called "altercations," for I have never heard of an author who did not feel privately or publicly aggrieved at the bill for changes. Such grievances would be less frequent, however, if more time and care were taken in the preparation of the manuscript. It is always cheaper to retype a manuscript, even several times, than to make corrections in galley proofs; and changes in page proofs should be restricted to the correction of errors or changes marked in the galleys but overlooked by the compositor, or the eleventh-hour discovery of misspelled names, incorrect dates, etc. The sanctity of the page proof is too often overlooked by authors who do not understand that they are intended for the verification of corrections previously marked on the galley proofs.

In the (to the printer) preparatory steps of writing copy, the author should bear in mind that the general run of compositors have had, at best, only a high-school education and that under conditions as they exist in the print-

ing-office today, the compositor's production per hour and the consequent hour-cost of his output are the unfortunate preoccupation of employer and foreman. Such being the case, it is scandalous for the highly trained, college-bred man or woman who demands absolute accuracy in the finished product to furnish a compositor, not trained in the author's field, with slovenly copy, promiscuously marked in pen or pencil with vital changes—manuscript which on the one hand must be accurately set and printed, and on the other must be put in type by a highly paid workman using an expensive and complicated machine. A printer who has had long experience with authors, manuscript, and type says that he knows of no calling where a single error is so fatal as it is in printing. I should, therefore, like to see authors as careful as they can be in the preparation of their manuscript.

I have spoken bluntly of the desirability—I think it is the necessity—of faultless copy. I feel no less strongly about the proper handling of that manuscript by the printer in getting it ready for the reader. For while the printer's responsibility is equal in importance for every piece of work which he is called on to do, the printing of bibliographies involves some special considerations due to the peculiar nature of the work. Such printing I propose to examine under several broad classifications, viz., shape and size, preferred arrangement of items, and choice of type, paper, and binding.

Shape and size of bibliographies.—I find that in the printing of bibliographies there has been a great diver-

gence as to size. Almost any size from 16mo up has at one time or another been used, apparently at the whim of the author or the printer. This seems to me unfortunate, for while I should be the last to advocate a standard and uniform size or any attempt on the part of this society to regiment the size of books, I do think that a decent respect for the uses to which such books are put should govern the printer in determining the shape of his volume. In this matter there are two possible formats. If the work is projected as a somewhat grandiose catalogue of a private library, it may be in elaborate format, although even then I think it unwise to make a large book because no matter how "private" the collection or its catalogue may be, the book will inevitably be used a great deal by professional workers with books. And it would be well for such books as well as more utilitarian bibliographies to conform to a workable size. Such a size I conceive to be what is somewhat loosely designated "octavo." This should not exceed $6\frac{1}{8}\times 9\frac{1}{4}$ inches, since that is the largest size which will trim from the most common size of book paper; and it may with propriety be as small as $5\frac{1}{2}\times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The quarto format may be used for pages with type in two columns, but is too wide for type running the full width of the type page.

Naturally the shape and size of the volume will depend somewhat upon the length of the manuscript, but as a general rule I should say that a large octavo book in one volume is to be preferred to a smaller size in two volumes. A one-volume handbook is a convenience, where a two- or

three-volume one may be a nuisance. Lowndes, for instance, in five small volumes, would I believe be far more convenient if printed in three larger volumes, as it could well be. In the limited space on the worker's desk, the fewer the volumes and the smaller their size, the more conveniently and expeditiously he can work. I like to think of a bibliography as a handbook, not reduced to the stark utilitarianism of Baedeker, but with something of Baedeker's extreme usefulness.

Preferred arrangement of items.—The first consideration in arranging a page of bibliography is to have the entry clear and distinct. This can be accomplished without the use of bold-face type, which should seldom or never be used. The proper segregation of data under each entry is a matter for the author; but the printer can aid by skilful manipulation of his two legitimate devices, size of type and indention, bearing in mind always that he must produce a good-looking type page, well-knit as to texture, and instantly comprehensible to the reader. To this end certain steps can be taken. I would suggest the use of abbreviated references in brackets in the running heads, topical running heads, and folios at the bottom of the page. It is frequently more effective to set the entry title in capitals and lower case, or capitals and small capitals, but I should avoid the use of capital lines unless the entries are very short. The space between the entries should be definite but not so great as to make an awkward white line on the page. Successive entries under the first title may be preceded by a two-em (——) dash. In general a size

of type and type page should be chosen which will give a reasonable amount of matter on a page, avoiding the turning of many pages in consulting the work. But the printer is under obligation to his craft properly to proportion his type page to his paper page.

The type should set with fairly close spacing between words, and with no space between letters of abbreviation, such as A.L.A., M.D., B.C., etc.

Indentions are almost a necessity in printing bibliographies, much as they militate against the comeliness of the type page. But their disagreeable breaking up of the edge of the page can be mitigated, first, by the close spacing above referred to, and second, by stepping down the various indentions only one em at a time. By using two or three sizes of type, the necessity of indenting may be entirely done away with.

Italics should be used sparingly; say for magazine titles, and occasional comments under entries, which are not a part of the bibliographical material. Avoid the use of much capital-and-small-capital composition, as it never looks well in mass. It is usually preferable to use capitals.

Choice of type faces.—Here the printer is seriously handicapped. Individual types, set by hand, still are best, but their use is practically prohibited by the same malign influences which are driving handicraft out of existence in other callings. Such a result cannot be looked on with complacency or even with regret. Any machine work which supersedes handwork in an artistic craft is wrong in

theory and disastrous in practice, and from the consequences of such a statement it is not necessary to shrink. The result of abandoning the machine in printing would be the very drastic curtailment of book production, but this is desirable, since the comparatively few books which would be printed by hand would presumably be done better. But that this does not *necessarily* follow, you may see by examining that queer book, Sabin's *Dictionary of Books Relating to America.* It is set very badly in a very good face of type indeed, and printed on atrocious paper. Then you may take up the new catalogue of the John Carter Brown Library from Mr. Updike's Merrymount Press, and see an equally good face of type, irreproachable paper, and the best type composition that it is possible to obtain on either side of the Atlantic. Much of the excellence of this book, as of Mr. Nash's Charles Andrews Clark, Jr., Library catalogue, is due to the type face employed. And in both cases the type face is hand-set foundry type. It is only within the past two or three years that we have had available any machine type face which a discriminating printer would really care to use, and I know of no one but Mr. Rogers who has yet used these machine faces in an acceptable way. The task of mastering the machine, while of course possible, seems to me not worth the effort. This may be objected to as a counsel of perfection; not all bibliographies can be printed by the two or three printers still using hand-set type or by the one man who seems to have mastered the machine! So it is well to speak briefly of the type faces, available on the machines, which are tolerable.

If the printer uses the linotype machine, he has at hand for judicious use the modern faces known as "De Vinne" and "Scotch Roman": the first, a respectable but stodgy letter; the latter, as admirable in design as it is unfortunate in "fitting" (or relation of letter to letter). In the old-style faces he has "Old Style No. 7," "Franklin," and "Original Old Style." These types are plain but serviceable, and if properly used will give respectable results.

On the monotype machine the printer can choose among three or four faces: modern "Scotch Roman," and old style "No. 337" and old style "No. 31," and for more sumptuous volumes the new "Garamount" series. The latter is perhaps the finest machine face we have today. With the monotype it is possible to govern the "fitting" of the type, and the caster operator should be given definite instructions to use the narrowest possible "set-width."

In the case of both linotype and monotype, there are some optional letters available in the different fonts. In such cases the printer should choose the more attractive and individualistic letters, and the less comely ones should be shunned. Long descending forms of *g*, *j*, *p*, *q*, and *y* should usually be chosen where it is possible to obtain them. With all old-style faces the old-style, non-lining, irregular figures should be selected—in spite of the apparently authoritative dictum of the British government! As for the other faces shown in profusion and confusion in the specimen books of the machine makers, they may be useful for the printer without taste who is in business for

money, but they have little or no value in the printing of bibliographies.

Paper.—Paper for our present purpose should properly be made of rags, or with a rag content, and without ground wood in its composition. It should be mellow in tone (but not dark), and of proper surface to take the ink well, which means not too rough nor too smooth—with some "tooth." Care must be taken that the long fold of the book and the grain of the sheet run the same way, else the pages will "buckle" along the binding edge. And the paper should be flexible so that the book will lie open easily, and it must be alike on both sides. All these qualities are not easy to find in the same sheet, but they are essential in any good book paper. If a deckle-edge paper is used (which is not to be recommended) the deckle edge must lie back of the straight edge after the sheet is folded—the edge of a book should be a definite thing, not a fuzzy nebulosity.

Binding.—It would be well if the binding of such useful books as bibliographies could be done in accordance with the standards laid down in Cockerell's *Bookbinding and the Care of Books.* These specifications leave little to be desired for completeness and durability; but one point may be mentioned. The title on the back of a book should be clear, sharp, and accurately placed. The average of letter design in binder's dies is poor, and for best results it is possible to set the words in type and furnish the die-maker with clean press-proofs. This method may be a little more involved, but the results are better because good letter forms are available in type.

The matter of edges is one which will have to be settled by personal preference, but I imagine the consensus of opinion will be for full-trimmed edges. Samples of good, bad, and indifferent methods are to be noted in respectively the John Carter Brown Library catalogue, the William Andrews Clark, Jr., Library catalogue, and Lowndes.

In summing up I would suggest that you remember that a bibliography is to be used; it must be readable; and as a "book about books" it should reflect the most discriminating taste in printing and binding. More than a faint flavor of good breeding should linger about it.

A SAMPLE OF BIBLIOGRAPHICAL METHOD

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY
Captain, United States Army, and formerly Fellow
in Columbia University

SOME people collect books because they buy to read and then retain the volumes out of sheer inanition. Some acquire libraries because they like so well the works they have read that they want them at hand to look at again, believing—as the ancient Roman phrased it—*haec olim meminisse iuvabit.* Others secure books in the same mood as that of a financier purchasing works of art, taking a peculiar joy in the mere possession of this or that rarity. I knew a man who had a first edition (English and American) of each work of Alfred Noyes. I knew another who found in a second-hand shop an autographed copy of Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage,* priced at twenty-five cents, and—buying it for the bargain that it was—later failed to turn his fortunate discovery to proper profit simply because he felt a unique pleasure in having on his shelves such an unusual item. I know another with a copy of every edition of every novel by an American author whose books passed in forty years through five different publishing houses.

You can collect books, as you can collect postage stamps, or coins, in either of two ways. You may seek to accumulate a complete set, or else you may acquire in order to study, and study what you have and so discover

the meanings and relations of all these different issues. If you scrutinize the letter press and the title-pages and circumstances of publication, you become a bibliographer as well as a collector. For there is as much difference between the two as between a philatelist and a stamp collector. If you have the bibliographic sense you may discern little details here and there which throw light upon the history of printing and publishing. In this way you may arrive at conclusions with regard to the relations of publishers and printers to authors and to readers.

If you will examine several volumes with me, note carefully some of the matters that can be observed by looking closely at the printed pages, and watch my line of thought in the discussion that follows; you may be initiated into the ways and byways of the bibliographer. The same methods may be applied to any number of bibliographical problems. The same methods may bring to light interesting facts and important information. If you will take to yourself this way of looking at books, you will find you have a delightful hobby. You will have a fascinating means of amusement. And the books you buy and the manner of your regarding them will acquire a new order and reason in your mind. Some may say that you fail to see the wood for the trees if you turn yourself from an ordinary reader into a bibliographer; but you will probably only be concerned with books you have already read or with those whose other values you already know, so that danger need not trouble you. And

if others make invidious remarks about carrying coals to Newcastle or about Mr. Chesterton's Englishman on a yacht who discovered England, if you do occasionally discover things that may already be known by others, you will at least have had the pleasure of handling books and of independent investigation, and the satisfaction of having thought the thing through to sound conclusions.

I

Let us get a few of Conrad's books out of the stacks, published by Doubleday, Page in a uniform edition: blue bindings; gold letterings; usually with a Roman type, the size that the printers call 12 on 12, with an extended face. Most of the vertical lines are heavy and the horizontal lines are light. Letters like *a*, *c*, *ȝ*, *n*, and *o*, and the body of letters like *h*, *k*, and *p* would fit well within a square; the *o* is nearer a circle than an ellipse. The page numbers are on the outer upper corners of the pages. Altogether a very pleasing page, easily read, the product of the Country Life Press, whose name and characteristic vignette appear at the end of each volume.

Such is the general character of the set, each succeeding new volume published so as to be uniform with its predecessors. And note here—as well as anywhere else—that I am not speaking of the special limited set issued in 1922 but of the usual Doubleday, Page editions that have sold so widely and so well.

We start our investigations by looking at the copyright data. Here is *Chance:*

Copyright, 1913, by Doubleday, Page & Company.
Copyright, 1912, by The New York Herald Company.

And here is *Victory:*

Copyright, 1915, by Doubleday, Page & Company.
Copyright, 1915, by the Frank A. Munsey Company.

But there is little here to excite remark. The Herald and the Munsey copyright notations merely refer to serial publication of those novels before they appeared in book form—interesting as far as earliest appearances are concerned, nothing more. The books as they stand on the desk are typical Doubleday, Page books.

Let us then pursue the inquiry farther and look at some more, all printings of 1919 or 1920, as the dates on the title-pages of these particular copies indicate:

Twixt Land and Sea (1919)

Set in roman, 10 on 12, in a type with finer lines.
Copyright, 1912, by Doubleday, Page & Company.
In a few spots, visible under a glass, the type or plates appear a bit worn.

Almayer's Folly (1919)

Set in roman, 10 on 12, in a type that looks very like Bodoni Book, with very fine lines, and with heavy strokes in the capitals.
Lines about a half-inch shorter than in *Victory.*
Copyright, 1895, by Doubleday, Page & Company.
Close examination reveals here and there a broken letter, near the edges of the type, where plates are most likely to be damaged.

Outcast of the Islands (1920)

Set in roman, 10 on 10, solid.
Lines about a half-inch shorter than in *Victory.*
Copyright, 1896, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

Lord Jim (1919)

Set in roman, 8 on 10.

Lines about a quarter-inch shorter than in *Victory*.

Copyright, 1899 and 1900, by Joseph Conrad.

A prefatory "Author's Note" is dated June, 1917. This appears to be a new edition from old plates; the "Author's Note" is set 34 lines to the page, the main text of the novel 33 lines to the page.

Falk (1919)

Set in roman, 9 on 12.

Lines almost three-quarters inch shorter than in *Victory*, 24 per page.

Copyright, 1903, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

Page numbers in brackets at foot of page, not in upper outer corners as in *Victory*.

Youth (1920)

Set in roman, 10 on 12.

Lines a quarter-inch shorter than in *Victory*, 30 per page.

Copyright, 1903, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

Page numbers in brackets, as in *Falk*, and otherwise similar.

Typhoon (1919)

Set in what appears to be a Cheltenham Cloister, 10 on 12.

Lines about one inch shorter than in *Victory*. Wide margins. Only 24 lines to the page, while *Victory* has 32.

Copyright, 1902, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

Page headings not set in capitals as in *Victory*.

Romance (1920)

Set in roman, 8 on 10, very light lines.

Lines same length as in *Victory*, 38 lines to page, heavily leaded.

Copyright, 1903, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

Except for difference in number of lines per page, the make-up is very similar to that of *Lord Jim*.

Set of Six (1919)

Set in roman, 10 on 14, with extended face.

Lines about one-eighth inch shorter than in *Victory*, 28 per page.

Copyright, 1908, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

More heavily leaded than *Victory*. Very similar to *Victory*, though in same style of extended roman in spite of different size of type.

This is the record of a "uniform" edition, though it must be confessed that I have gone into detail only in those volumes that mar the uniformity.

Most publishers regularly patronize particular presses. The Macmillans usually go to the Norwood Press; the Putnams lean toward their Knickerbocker Press; and Doubleday, Page & Company have their Country Life Press. Most publishers have a production or manufacturing department in their offices. Most of them have set rules about make-up and format. Some even standardize their practice to such an extent as to issue form books, establishing definite rules as to chapter titles, spacing, punctuation, pagination, and the rest of the things about which printers are inclined to worry. Consequently with this list of books bearing the copyright of a single publisher, issued with the imprint of the same press, we should normally expect regularity, particularly in what passes at first glance for a "uniform" edition. Of course there are variations which might be due to the character of the book, or to its length. A short book might have its text spread over the pages, the proverbial "thin rivulet of text," you know, "in wide meadows of

margins." A long book might be condensed into a few pages, with small type, omission of leads, and the rest. Yet there are still variations in this set of Conrad that stands before us, which we cannot explain in such a simple fashion. As an example, suppose we consider the question of pagination. Where should page 1 come, or rather, which should be numbered page 1? The title-page? The sub-title? The beginning of chapter I?

Here is the result of comparing these books: after each title I have indicated the number given to the opening page of the narrative:

	Page
Twixt Land and Sea	9
Almayer's Folly	1
Outcast of the Islands	1
Lord Jim	1
Falk	3
Youth	3
Typhoon	1
Romance	3
Set of Six	3
Chance	3
Victory	3

This shows a very decided difference in practice, such a difference as we might expect to find only with different publishers. Yet these not only all bear the name of Doubleday, Page & Company on the recently dated title-page, but all—excepting only *Lord Jim*, as noted above—are indicated as copyrighted by that firm. *Lord Jim*, however, with its already discovered indications of a new edition, gives us a clew.

We shall follow the trail by consulting the *United States Catalogue of Books*, the *Publisher's Trade Lists*, and other sources like the Library of Congress cards. There we secure the following data, the name of the original publisher being in each case as indicated in the following list:

Twixt Land and Sea	Doubleday, Page (1912)
Almayer's Folly	Macmillan (1895)
Outcast of the Islands	Appleton (1896)
Lord Jim	McClure, Phillips (1899)
Falk	McClure, Phillips (1903)
Youth	McClure, Phillips (1903)
Typhoon	G. P. Putnams (1902)

The sharp contrast in letter press between *Typhoon* and *Victory* set us thinking. Then as we looked at the other books the old "law of associations" which the psychologists expound began to work. There was *Almayer's Folly* which made me think of Marion Crawford, and the Macmillans were Crawford's publishers! There was *Falk* which made me think of *Emmy Lou, Her Book and Her Heart*, which I still distinctly remember with the anchor and dolphin of McClure, Phillips on the title-page. There was *An Outcast of the Islands* which for some reason or other reminded me of the Castle's *Haunted Heart.* My mental gymnastics were verified.

I had found a difference in type in the uniform edition. I had found a difference in make-up practice. But there is another thing that starts me off again: that little difference in the number of lines to the page in the narrative

of *Lord Jim* and in the "Author's Note" to that novel dated in June, 1917. Sure enough, I soon find a copy of *Lord Jim*, as published by McClure, Phillips & Company in 1900, and promptly proceed to compare the two copies. Here are some details that appear in each:

p. 85, line 5, broken comma after "yes."
p. 84, page no., broken top of "4."
p. 84, line 33, broken "b" in "bell."
p. 352, line 1, battered letters in "wall."
p. 352, line 32, broken bottom of "v" in "vain."

Even the addition of the "Author's Note" has not disturbed the pagination, because that note is numbered in roman numerals and occupies pages vii–ix. We conclude, then, that in 1917 the old plates were secured from the original publishers and used again, and that the title-page and the author's note were set by the Doubleday house, using a type as closely approximating that used in the McClure, Phillips edition as was readily available.

This is what is known as the broken-letter test. Every book has broken letters. Even new books. If these broken letters persist in succeeding editions, we can assume either that the same type was used for the one printed later, before being pied and distributed, or that the same plates were used (and this is the more likely nowadays), or that unsold sheets, possibly even bound volumes, were transferred from one publisher to another and issued with a new title-page. The first instance is unlikely since few books are now printed in large numbers from type, and since type is usually not held over the long periods of

time here involved. The third is also unlikely in the case of Conrad, some of whose books have sold so well and others of whose books, e.g., *Outcast of the Islands*, have been listed by the publishers as "out of print."

We shall, then, go down the list again and apply the broken-letter test to other titles. Look particularly at beginning and end pages, look particularly at the tops and bottoms of pages, look particularly at pages which come at the divisions between signatures, look particularly at the "signature letters" which appear on the first page of each signature, and be particular to examine at least one page in each signature. We go through this process with the following books in the editions indicated:

Almayer's Folly
Doubleday, Page edition of 1919
Macmillan edition of 1914 (copyrighted 1895)

Outcast of the Islands
Doubleday, Page edition of 1919
Appleton edition of 1896

Lord Jim
Doubleday, Page edition of 1919
McClure, Phillips edition of 1900

Falk
Doubleday, Page edition of 1919
McClure, Phillips edition of 1903

Youth
Doubleday, Page edition of 1920
McClure, Phillips edition of 1903

The Inheritors
Doubleday, Page edition of 1914
McClure, Phillips edition of 1901

Tales of Unrest
Doubleday, Page edition of 1919
Scribner's edition of 1898

Typhoon
Doubleday, Page edition of 1919
Putnam's edition of 1902

And as a result we find that in each case it appears clearly that Doubleday, Page & Company has used the original plates. Saying, then, on the back of a title-page that *Almayer's Folly* was "Copyright, 1895, by Doubleday, Page & Company" is a figure of speech. It was copyrighted in 1895, but by the Macmillan's, and Doubleday, Page have merely become owners of the copyright.

There are a few other things worth noticing. The first is that no edition of *Twixt Land and Sea* is discoverable prior to that of the Doubleday, Page firm in 1912. The next is that we find the Macmillan firm, in their 1914 edition of *Almayer's Folly*, saying, in the form that firm constantly employed:

Copyright, 1895, by Macmillan and Company.
Set up and electrotyped.
Published, April, 1895.
Reprinted, April, 1912.

The next is that a large proportion of these books were acquired from, since they were originally published by, McClure, Phillips & Company. Can we then assume that it was about ten or eleven years ago that Doubleday, Page, having acquired several Conrad books from the dis-

appearing firm of McClure, Phillips, started to become his publishers in America and secured the rights to all of his books that they could, saving themselves the trouble and expense of resetting and re-electrotyping by using the old plates when these were still serviceable? I believe so. Yet they could not secure them all. If you will look at a Doubleday, Page catalogue you will find that they furnish some of the Conrad volumes "in leather only." The following, of this character, are still published cloth bound with the imprint of Harper & Brothers, New York and London:

Nostromo, originally published November, 1904.
Mirror of the Sea, originally published October, 1906.
Secret Agent, originally published September, 1907.
Under Western Eyes, originally published October, 1911.

But I have saved my most interesting example of the broken-letter test until last.

The Nigger of the Narcissus which appeared in London in 1897 from the house of William Heineman, was issued in the United States by Dodd, Mead & Company the same year under the title of *The Children of the Sea*. Its title leaf, front and back, reads:

> The Children of the Sea. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.
>
> Copyright, 1897. By Bacheller Syndicate. Under the title of The Nigger of the Narcissus. Copyright, 1897. By Dodd, Mead and Company.

In 1914, Doubleday, Page & Company acquired the book and republished it with the following title leaf, front and back:

> The Nigger of the Narcissus. Garden City. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1914.
>
> Copyright, 1897, By Bacheller Syndicate. Under the title of The Nigger of the Narcissus. Copyright, 1897, By Dodd, Mead and Company. Under the title of The Children of the Sea. Copyright, 1914, By Doubleday, Page & Company.

Then, there is a still later edition of interest to us here, which has the same title-page as that just cited except that the date of publication is 1916 and not 1914. But this is not the half of it, for the whole history of the transaction is writ plain upon the pages of the book. We will compare them and see what we shall see:

DODD, MEAD, 1897	DOUBLEDAY, 1914	DOUBLEDAY, 1916
Title:	*Title:*	*Title:*
The Children of the Sea	The Nigger of the Narcissus	The Nigger of the Narcissus.
Pagination:	*Pagination:*	*Pagination:*
title+p. 1+1–217	i–xiv+1–217	i–xiv+1–217
	pp. v–vi "To My Readers in America"	pp. v–vi "To My Readers in America"
	pp. vii–xiii "Preface"	pp. vii–xiii "Preface"

DODD, MEAD, 1897	DOUBLEDAY, 1914	DOUBLEDAY, 1916
	pp. v–xiii in different type from body of book	pp. v–xiii in different type from body of book
p. 3, line 28: broken "t" in "bottle"	*p. 3, line 28:* broken "t" in "bottle"	*p. 3, line 28:* broken "t" in "bottle"
p. 5, line 30: words "sea" and "mystery" correctly printed	*p. 5, line 30:* bottom of "s" in "sea" broken bottom of "r" and "y" broken in "mystery"	*p. 5, line 30:* bottom of "s" in "sea" broken bottom of "r" and "y" broken in "mystery"
p. 127, line 30: bottom of "h" in "he" broken bottom of "g" in "go" correctly printed	*p. 127, line 30:* bottom of "h" in "he" broken bottom of "g" in "go" broken	*p. 127, line 30:* bottom of "h" in "he" broken bottom of "g" in "go" broken
p. 5, page number: correctly printed	page 5, page number: "5" battered	page 5, page number: "5" newly set, sharper than other numbers

From such examination as this it appears that the same plates were used in all three printings under observation, and that certain broken letters did not show up until the later printings and further that some badly battered letters were actually replaced by new ones. In other words, the same plates were used, but in places showing obvious signs of wear, they were touched up so as to make a nice printing job. One thing which makes

Note the figure

Note the hyphen

waved his miserable arms no thicker than pipe-stems — stretched his lean neck — spluttered — squinted. In the pauses of his impassioned orations the wind sighed quietly aloft, the calm sea unheeded murmured in a warning whisper along the ship's side. We abominated the creature and could not deny the luminous truth of his contentions. It was all so obvious. We were indubitably good men; our deserts were great and our pay small. Through our exertions we had saved the ship and the skipper would get the credit of it. What had he done? we wanted to know. Donkin asked: "What 'ee could do without hus?" and we could not answer. We were oppressed by the injustice of the world, surprised to perceive how long we had lived under its burden without realising our unfortunate state, annoyed by the uneasy suspicion of our undiscerning stupidity. Donkin assured us it was all our "good 'eartedness," but we would not be consoled by such shallow sophistry. We were men enough to courageously admit to ourselves our intellectual shortcomings; though from that time we refrained from kicking him, tweaking his nose, or from accidentally knocking him about, which last, after we had weathered the Cape, had been rather a popular amusement. Davies ceased to talk at him provokingly about black eyes and flattened noses. Charley, much subdued since the gale, did not jeer at him. Knowles deferentially

Note the f in OF

Note the H in ENOUGH

Note the comma

Note the break in the top of the C

Numbering unchanged.
Page headings unchanged in spite of change of title on title page.

Note the figure.

Note the hyphen

waved his miserable arms no thicker than pipe-stems — stretched his lean neck — spluttered — squinted. In the pauses of his impassioned orations the wind sighed quietly aloft, the calm sea unheeded murmured in a warning whisper along the ship's side. We abominated the creature and could not deny the luminous truth of his contentions. It was all so obvious. We were indubitably good men; our deserts were great and our pay small. Through our exertions we had saved the ship and the skipper would get the credit of it. What had he done? we wanted to know. Donkin asked: "What 'ee could do without hus?" and we could not answer. We were oppressed by the injustice of the world, surprised to perceive how long we had lived under its burden without realising our unfortunate state, annoyed by the uneasy suspicion of our undiscerning stupidity. Donkin assured us it was all our "good 'eartedness," but we would not be consoled by such shallow sophistry. We were men enough to courageously admit to ourselves our intellectual shortcomings; though from that time we refrained from kicking him, tweaking his nose, or from accidentally knocking him about, which last, after we had weathered the Cape, had been rather a popular amusement. Davies ceased to talk at him provokingly about black eyes and flattened noses. Charley, much subdued since the gale, did not jeer at him. Knowles deferentially

Note the f in OF

Note the H in the ENOUGH

Note the comma

Note the break in the top of the C

Note the broken letters

the case clear is in the matter of the page headings. In the 1897 edition each page is headed with the title of the book: *The Children of the Sea.* In the 1914 edition, the same heading appears at the top of the pages, although the title of the book had been changed to *The Nigger of the Narcissus.* In the 1916 copy, the old page headings were taken off and replaced by the more appropriate line giving the title exactly as on the title-page: *The Nigger of the Narcissus.* This is such an interesting example of what can happen to a book that I have reproduced a specimen page from each of the three printings, indicating some of the changes. I am sure that a study of these reproductions of page 126 will substantiate my statements.

Finally, to tear ourselves away from this face-to-the-page scrutiny of a book which Stephen Crane called "unquestionably the best story of the sea written by a man now alive," we confront the question: What conclusions shall we draw from all this?

This is the conclusion:

When Doubleday, Page & Company took over from McClure, Phillips the copyright and the plates of some of the Conrad books, they saw his then unappreciated qualities as a literary genius. I have a copy of *Chance* issued by them in 1915, the fifth edition which brought the total up to 19,764 copies. On the jacket are advertised the volume, *Twixt Land and Sea*, a Doubleday production; *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, whose history we now know; and the following which they got from McClure, Phillips: *Youth*, *Lord Jim*, *Falk*, and *Romance.*

PLATE III

Numbering and page headings have been re-set

Dot is missing from i in word THICKER

Note the hyphen

waved his miserable arms no thicker than pipe-stems — stretched his lean neck — spluttered — squinted. In the pauses of his impassioned orations the wind sighed quietly aloft, the calm sea unheeded murmured in a warning whisper along the ship's side. We abominated the creature and could not deny the luminous truth of his contentions. It was all so obvious. We were indubitably good men; our deserts were great and our pay small. Through our exertions we had saved the ship and the skipper would get the credit of it. What had he done? we wanted to know. Donkin asked: "What 'ee could do without hus?" and we could not answer. We were oppressed by the injustice of the world, surprised to perceive how long we had lived under its burden without realising our unfortunate state, annoyed by the uneasy suspicion of our undiscerning stupidity. Donkin assured us it was all our "good 'eartedness," but we would not be consoled by such shallow sophistry. We were men enough to courageously admit to ourselves our intellectual shortcomings; though from that time we refrained from kicking him, tweaking his nose, or from accidentally knocking him about, which last, after we had weathered the Cape, had been rather a popular amusement. Davies ceased to talk at him provokingly about black eyes and flattened noses. Charley, much subdued since the gale, did not jeer at him. Knowles deferentially

Note the f in OF

Note the H in the ENOUGH

Note the comma

Note the break in the top of the C

Note the broken letters

Since that date they have added to that small nucleus. From one publisher or another they secured one volume after another. By persistent effort and a sincere faith in Conrad they were finally able to present his books in a uniform binding. It was not possible to buy the books outright from all of the original American publishers, and they even had to pay royalties on certain titles in order to add them to the uniform set. In some instances they were only able to secure rights to books for the leather-bound series which they call "The Deep Sea Edition." But in one way or another they got all of Conrad together. They spent a great deal in advertising him. They have enabled book-buyers to have a decent-looking shelf of Conrad instead of a hodge-podge of many colored bindings. They have also gone far toward dignifying his name and reputation by putting forth his work in series, in permanent style, instead of letting it be scattered all about the publishing houses, and some of it in out-of-print volumes. That they used old plates of course prevents absolute uniformity. But the very use of old plates reduces expense and enables readers to secure these volumes at much less cost than as if they had been entirely reset. Though we are naturally sorry all cannot be in the attractive and easily read extended face of roman 12 on 12 which Doubleday, Page so like to use, we feel doubly grateful for the enterprise and the neatness with which these publishers have handled their end of the task.

II

Lay aside Conrad and turn to the "Memorial Edition" of the *Plays of Clyde Fitch.* On the back of the title-pages of Volumes III and IV there appears this note:

> Set up and electrotyped by J. S. Cushing Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A. Presswork by S. J. Parkhill & Co., Boston, Mass.

There are three plays to a volume. Each volume bears on the back of its title-page the legend: "Copyright, 1915, by Little, Brown and Company," who are the publishers of the "Memorial Edition." On the back of the leaf which bears the title of each separate play there is another copyright note.

This is a slightly different case than that of Conrad. There the different works were distinct books. Here we have to discover if plays published separately and now assembled into volumes are from the same plates. Here is the data:

Memorial Edition	*Separately published plays, publishers as indicated*
Little, Brown & Company Copyright, 1915, by Little, Brown & Company	
VOLUME I	
Beau Brummel, pp. 1–208	
first produced: 1890	pub. John Lane, 1908
copyright Little, Brown 1908	copyright Lane, 1908
	A characteristic Lane book, good spacing, large pages, rather heavy type.
	pub. Samuel French.
	(not examined or compared)

Lover's Lane, pp.209–405	
first produced: 1901	no earlier edition discovered
copyright Little, Brown 1915	
Nathan Hale, pp. 407–506	
first produced: 1898	pub. R. H. Russell, 1899
copyright Little, Brown 1899	copyright Robert Howard Russell, 1899
dedication dated 1899	no similarities to Little, Brown type.
	pub. Walter H. Baker & Co. 1905.
	copyright Robert Howard Russell, 1899
	same plates as above
	pub. Samuel French (not examined or compared)

VOLUME II

Barbara Frietchie, pp. 1–194	
first produced: 1899	pub. Life Publishing Co., 1900
copyright Little, Brown 1900	copyright, Life Publishing Co., 1900
dedication dated 1900	no similarities to Little, Brown type
	pub. Samuel French, n.d. (not examined or compared)
Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, pp. 195–457	
first produced: 1901	pub. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1902
copyright Little, Brown 1902	copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1902
dedication dated 1902	no similarities to Little, Brown type

pub. Samuel French, New York & London, 1902
copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1902
"Reprinted by permission of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company."

The Climbers, pp. 459–721
first produced: 1901
copyright Little, Brown 1905

pub. Macmillan, 1905.
copyright the Macmillan Co., 1905
"Set up and electrotyped. Published December, 1905. Reprinted October, 1908; October, November, 1909; March, 1911; March, 1912; March, 1913."
"Norwood Press, J. S. Cushing & Co., Berwick Smith Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A."
Very similar to type of Little, Brown Memorial Edition.
pub. Samuel French, n.d.
(not examined or compared)

VOLUME III

The Stubbornness of Geraldine, pp. 1–224
first produced: 1902
copyright Little, Brown 1906

pub. Macmillan, 1906
copyright, the Macmillan Company, 1906
"Set up and electrotyped."

"Norwood Press, J. S. Cushing & Co., Berwick Smith Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A."
pub. Samuel French.
(not examined or compared)

The Girl with the Green Eyes, pp. 225–422
first produced: 1902
copyright Little, Brown 1905

pub. Little, Brown, 1905
copyright, Little, Brown & Co., 1905
same letter press as Memorial Edition.
pub. Samuel French, n.d.
copyright, Little, Brown & Co., 1905
(12 pp., 235–422.)
Little, Brown plates of Memorial Edition used

Her Own Way, pp. 423–669
first produced: 1903
copyright Little, Brown 1907
dedication dated 1907

pub. Macmillan, 1907
copyright, Macmillan Co., 1907.
"Set up and electrotyped"
"Norwood Press, J. S. Cushing & Co., Berwick Smith & Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A."
pub. Samuel French, n.d.
(not examined or compared)

VOLUME IV

The Woman in the Case, pp. 1–195
first produced: 1905
copyright Little, Brown 1915

no earlier edition discovered

The Truth, pp. 197–441
first produced: 1906
copyright Little, Brown 1907
dedication dated 1907

pub. Macmillan, 1907
copyright, Macmillan Co., 1907.
"Set up and electrotyped. Published June 1907. Reprinted Nov. 1909, May 1911, March 1913, September, 1914, November, 1914."
"Norwood Press, J. S. Cushing & Co., Berwick Smith & Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A."
Type similar to Memorial Edition.
pub. Samuel French, n.d.
copyright, 1907 by Little, Brown & Co.
"Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown and Company"
Little, Brown Memorial Edition plates used though somewhat worn.
Pagination retained: 211–441.
The Truth was included in Thomas H. Dickinson's *Chief Contemporary Dramatists*, published by Houghton Mifflin Co. in February, 1915, and was there preceded by an acknowledgment to the Macmillans in a note "Copyright, 1907, by the Macmillan Company" without any mention of Little, Brown.

The City, pp. 443–636
first produced: 1909 — no earlier editions discovered
copyright Little, Brown 1915

From this comparison there can be framed a hypothesis that when Little, Brown & Company started to get out their Memorial Edition, they made arrangements with the Macmillans to take over the copyright and that they used the old plates, changing the page numbers, and fitted newly set plates for the plays that had not previously been published by Macmillan through the Norwood Press. This hypothesis rests upon the assumption that the same plates were used. This assumption can be verified by applying the broken letter test.

Let us take *The Climbers:*

Little, Brown Memorial Edition	Macmillan 1913 Printing
p. 465, broken "g" on line 11	p. 11
p. 489, broken "d" and "e" line 18	p. 33
p. 720, broken "s" line 1	p. 264
p. 720, broken "h" line 9	p. 264

Her Own Way:

Little, Brown Memorial Edition	Macmillan 1907 Edition
p. 425, broken "t" in "Elliott"	p. vi
p. 427, broken "act"	p. viii
p. 499, broken "r" in "infernal" line 8	p. 65
p. 663, broken "er" in "there" line 18	p. 229

The Stubbornness of Geraldine:

Little, Brown Memorial Edition	Macmillan 1906 Edition
p. 7, broken dash	p. ix
p. 9, heavy top to "3" line 2	p. xi
p. 4, broken "o" in "to" line 17	p. 14
p. 58, broken "z" line 18	p. 48
p. 139, heading final "E"	p. 129
p. 208, broken question mark line 3	p. 198
p. 223, broken "N" in heading	p. 213

The Truth, pages v-xiv, 1–237 of the Macmillan copies corresponding to pages 199–441 of the Little, Brown Memorial Edition:

	Macmillan 1915	Mamillan 1907	Little, Brown
p. vii	broken "d" in "Saturday night"	broken "d" in "Saturday night"	p. 201
p. 97, line 18,	broken "r" in "never"	broken "r" in "never"	p. 306

Here we have broken letters persisting all the way through the various reprintings by the Macmillans and then reappearing in the Little, Brown book. The case is clear. The old plates were very evidently used. The hypothesis is proved.

III

What, then, is the lesson to be learned from all these observations and comparisons? What profit is there in so comparing broken letters and following the format

through edition after edition? How here can we apply the dictum of Epictetus, as phrased by Congreve:

> Read, read, sirrah! and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh; read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding.

This is not ordinary reading, skimming the latest fiction for profit or delight, plowing through pages of serious writings to inform the mind with specific facts. It draws its lessons not from the ideas represented by the printed marks on paper but from the peculiarities of those marks themselves. Its real function is to create a better understanding and appreciation of the work of publishers.

When we find a book on Thomas Hardy by Lascelles Abercrombie issued in New York by Mitchell Kennerley and in London by Martin Secker, and note that both were printed by William Brendon & Sons, of Plymouth, we have no cause to complain, because we know that the American publisher has simply purchased the printed sheets and saved American buyers the additional expense that would be entailed by resetting the whole. When we find the Everyman Library getting out books which are not exactly uniform in type, we have no cause to complain, for by using old plates the Everyman editions have been able to give us at low cost an exact reproduction of the best edition of the *Spectator* which has yet come from the press. When we find an American author reproduced in 1900 from plates that were made in 1861, we have no

cause to complain, for by using those old plates the recent publisher is able to sell more cheaply, to the advantage of our pocketbooks and the development of a wider reading public for the author. When we find the Nelson Shilling Library using original plates for several of the titles in its list, we have no cause to complain, for it was probably the very use of those old plates that enabled the books to appear in a shilling volume. How much better is this, from the standpoint of a man who wants good books read by many, than the high prices and consequently limited sales that would result if the books had to be reset each time. How much better is this than the procedure by which a modern writer used almost intact chapters out of one modern history for a new history covering most of the same period, going to the expense of setting up new type, giving his book another title, and charging book-buyers with the cost of setting over again the old material which he persuaded them to buy by giving it a new name. How much better is this than the printing of complete works of some authors by rival publishers, each setting up the job entirely anew and of course thereby proportionately increasing the cost by halving the possible market.

Then, again, by taking old plates, and, because they are already in plate form, being able to include in the "works" of an author at little cost books not normally obtainable, the publishers are doing a distinct service. I would not blame them for having broken letters which can be discovered usually only with the aid of a magnify-

ing glass, which certainly do not hinder easy reading. I would rather praise them for making available books not normally obtainable. By grouping their books into sets and gaining an increased sale for little sold books in "set" sales, they are able to give an author the circulation and the dignity which he deserves. Witness the remarks of William McFee concerning Conrad:

> Sixteen years after the first publication of "An Outcast of the Islands" I was able to buy a twenty-five-cent pirated edition of that work in a New York department store, an edition badly printed on bad paper and badly bound in a horrible pink cloth. Stealthy reconnaissance of the same store later acquired a copy of "Almayer's Folly" in the same shameful format, for twenty cents. A third visit produced no result, since the store was closed and the proprietors, I rejoice to remember, gone bankrupt. It so happened that I had occasion to move soon after this time, which was in 1911, to New Orleans, and those two pink-cloth volumes went with me, to be reread as many times as he crossed and recrossed the Caribbean. And the excuse for aiding and abetting the producer of pirated editions is simply this, that of those books no others existed. Even of "Typhoon," which had been published nine years before, there was only a clumsy and pretentious edition, with illustrations by a celebrated artist, who achieved an imperishable niche in my memory because he put a bridge-telegraph dial in a steamer's engine room, where of course it would be upside down and nobody could read it.

The use of old plates has, however, two distinct virtues, not heretofore mentioned: such a practice should counteract to some extent the senseless rage for first editions, and it does yield broken letters in sufficient numbers to gladden the heart of the bibliographer who seeks them long and patiently.

THE NEW HAVEN MEETING DECEMBER, 1922

The Bibliographical Society of America held its midwinter meeting in the Trumbull Room of the beautiful Harkness Triangle of Yale University, December 29, Vice-President Paltsits presiding. The program had been arranged by Mr. Keogh and Mr. Winship and the local arrangements were in the hands of Mr. Keogh.

President Angell of Yale welcomed the Society, and spoke of books being necessary to a college; at Yale there is no treasure comparable to the library, but unfortunately books in colleges are considered as tools, whereas the Bibliographical Society members use them lovingly and perform a service in opening up their treasures to the rest of the community.

Mr. Paltsits responded and spoke of the reasons for meeting at the same place with the American Historical Association and other learned societies.

Miss Margaret Bingham Stillwell of the Annmary Brown Memorial, Providence, read a most interesting and remarkable paper on "General Hawkins as He Revealed Himself to His Librarian." It was a very human picture, quite vivid, and gave an understanding of the General, his book interests, the memorial to his wife, and his principles of action in bookish and personal matters. The paper was noticeable for Miss Stillwell's notes also, as not many bibliophiles have their biographers at hand.

Captain Elbridge Colby gave "A Sample of Bibliographical Method: Conrad and Clyde Fitch." He used bibliographical methods for modern authors, and the substance of his discoveries was that two new "Uniform" or "Memorial" editions were printed from the plates of first editions, in some cases changes being made and in other cases not. The paper brought up the

whole question of comparative values of first editions and uniform editions, and also of republication of the same printed pages.

Dr. George Watson Cole's paper on "Methods of Cataloging the Henry E. Huntington Library" was similar to the one he gave at Detroit, but with different illustrations, which materially increase our bibliographical knowledge.

"Notes on the Latin Bibles of 1522–3 and 1527," by Adrien Gambet, was reported on by Mr. Winship. The finding of an early Latin Bible in the Cambridge (Massachusetts) Public Library led to long newspaper accounts in four different Boston papers, with illustrations. The chief points of bibliographical comment were on the claim that this discovery was worth $100,000, and that it was the first Protestant Bible.

Mr. Winship gave "Notes on the Available Material for the History of Printing in America." As his paper will be printed in the *Library*, he was more careful to explain references to early American material than he would to an American audience. He started with Isaiah Thomas, and referred to general works such as Sabin and Evans, and then went into the more unusual material with comments and suggestions.

Dr. Winship was followed by Mr. Lawrence C. Wroth on "An American Printing Office in the Eighteenth Century." Mr. Wroth's paper was a fine gathering of facts from many sources and will be printed by this Society as a monograph. It included information about type faces and type foundries, ink, paper, bookbinding, the itinerant printer, and the kinds of work done, including books, newspapers, and forms.

Mr. Carl P. Rollins, printer to Yale University, gave a most practical paper on "The Printing of Bibliographies," with specific suggestions as to type, page sizes, paper, binding, arrangement, suggestions well worth following, and illustrated by the right and wrong kinds of recent bibliographies.

A report was made to the Society that the monograph on "French Newspapers in the United States before 1800" was

about to be issued, recording a surprising number of almost unknown papers of interest. Various other bibliographical projects were also reported as under way. The Index to the Society's publications (through Volume XV) is nearly complete. A membership campaign is expected shortly. A vote of thanks was passed to the President and Fellows of Yale University for their kind hospitality.

A. H. Shearer, *Secretary*

TREASURER'S REPORT

This report covers January, 1921, to December, 1922.

Your Society now has 192 members in good standing, and nine life-members. During the past year we have added 7 new members, and dropped five who had not paid dues since 1919, and seven have resigned. There are also seven members who have not paid since 1920, who will be dropped at the end of 1923 if dues have not been paid.

In considering the financial condition of the Society as shown in the report herewith, it must be borne in mind that from the balance on hand we have still to pay for our "Papers" Vol. XIV, Part 2 (1920) and its mailing, perhaps $300.00; also for Vol. XVI, Part 2 (1922).

Appended is the report in detail, including the life-membership fund, and the incunabula fund.

REPORT OF TREASURER, JANUARY, 1921, TO DECEMBER, 1922

Receipts

Balance on hand, January 1, 1921		$794.56	
Membership dues collected, 1919 (1)	$ 3.00		
Membership dues collected, 1920 (3)	9.00		
Membership dues collected, 1921 (16)	48.00	60.00	
Sales by Treasurer, of Vols. XI–XIV		12.00	
Sales by University of Chicago Press		7.30	
Interest on deposit		15.95	
			$ 889.81

Expenses

University of Chicago Press:			
Wrapping and handling orders		$ 0.59	
J. A. Crosby (printer):			
Letterheads and envelopes		9.25	
Postage		2.00	
			11.84
Balance on hand December 31, 1921			$ 877.97

REPORT OF TREASURER, JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1922

Receipts

Balance on hand, January 1, 1922		$ 877.97	
Membership dues collected, 1919 (1)	$ 3.00		
Membership dues collected, 1920 (7)	21.10		
Membership dues collected, 1921 (173)	520.09		
Membership dues collected, 1922 (165)[1]	495.12		
Membership dues collected, 1923 (3)	9.00		
		1,048.31	
Interest on deposit, January to December		17.75	
Sales by Treasurer (Vols. I–VIII of Papers)		27.00	
Sales by University of Chicago Press:			
To December, 1921	$ 8.50		
From January to June, 1922	61.18		
		69.68	
Sale to Photostat Corporation		100.00	
			$2,140.71

Expenditures

University of Chicago Press:			
Printing Papers, Vol. XIV, Part 1	$335.25		
Mailing and wrapping same	15.18		
Wrapping and carriage on Society orders	2.84		
Printing Papers, Vol. XV, Part 1	375.75		
Printing Papers, Vol. XV, Part 2	299.58		
Mailing Vol. XV, Parts 1 and 2	28.88		
		$1,057.48	
Treasurer, postage		12.00	
Collection on checks		2.47	
200 circulars ("Delay in publications")		6.00	
F. W. Faxon Co. Subscription to *Bulletin of Bibliography* for Haverhill Public Library paid to Bibliographical Society of America		3.00	
			1,080.95
Balance on hand, December 31, 1922. (State Street Trust Co., Boston, Mass.)			$1,059.76

[1] Includes $3.00 paid by Haverhill Public Library for subscription to *Bulletin of Bibliography*, by error.

LIFE-MEMBERSHIP FUND, JANUARY, 1921, TO DECEMBER, 1922

(Principal)

Balance on hand, January 1, 1921		$ 600.00
No expenses nor receipts		
Balance on hand December 31, 1922 (Brookline (Mass.) Savings Bank)		$ 600.00

Interest Account

Balance on hand	$ 3.86	
Interest on deposit	52.17	
Balance on hand, December, 1922		56.03

INCUNABULA FUND

Balance on hand, January 1, 1921	$512.13	
Interest on deposit	50.71	
		562.84

EXPENDITURES

Mary Ellis, for Indexing Vols. I–XV of Papers and Vols. I–IV of Bulletin	125.00
Balance on hand, December 31, 1922. Brookline (Mass.) Trust Co., Savings Dept.	$ 437.84

FREDERICK W. FAXON, *Treasurer*

SHL
WITHDRAWN
LONDON
UNIV.

The Papers of the

Bibliographical Society of America

Volume XV. Part One 1921

Photographic Copying

The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America

THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA, which was founded in 1904 during the Conference of Librarians at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, on the initiative of the Bibliographical Society of Chicago, has for its object the promotion of bibliographical research and the printing of bibliographical productions. The Society has held twenty-six semiannual meetings. The annual meeting is ordinarily held in connection with the American Library Association. A winter meeting is frequently held in connection with the American Historical Association. At these meetings many papers of interest to bibliographers, book collectors, and librarians have been read, and these have been published in the twelve volumes of the Society's PAPERS.

Any person interested in the object of the Society and approved by the Council may become a member upon payment of $3.00 a year. Names may be submitted to any officer of the Society.

The treasurer is Frederick W. Faxon, Roslindale, Mass.

The Papers of the Society are published at The University of Chicago Press, 5750–58 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill. The subscription price is $4.00 per year. The price of this part is $2.00.

Communications concerning editorial matters may be addressed to the Chairman of the Publication Committee, George Parker Winship, The Widener Library, Cambridge, Mass.

Correspondence concerning yearly subscriptions and single copies may be addressed to The University of Chicago Press, 5750–58 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill. Patrons are requested to make all remittances payable to The University of Chicago Press in postal or express money orders or bank drafts.

The following representatives of The University of Chicago Press are authorized to quote the prices indicated:

For the British Empire: The Cambridge University Press, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. 4, England. Yearly subscriptions, including postage, 19*s*. each.

For Japan and Korea: The Maruzen-Kabushiki-Kaishi, 11 to 16 Nihonbashi Tori Sanchome, Tokyo, Japan. Yearly subscriptions, including postage, Yen 8.40.

For China: The Mission Book Company, Shanghai. Yearly subscriptions, including postage, $4.15 each.

Claims for missing numbers should be made promptly. The publishers expect to supply missing numbers only when they have been lost in transit.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.